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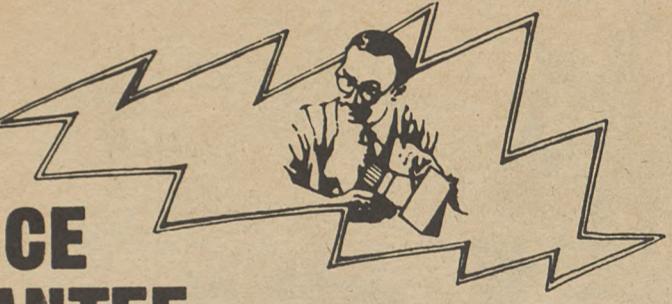
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 A harmony of aloneness.
 For a time,
 At peace
 With the world
 And myself.
 My mind
 Like the smoke from a cigarette
 Gently blowing back and forth
 Getting nowhere,
 But the soft motion
 Comforting,
 The calm, sweet.

--E. Laura Golberg



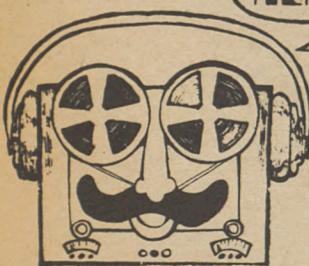
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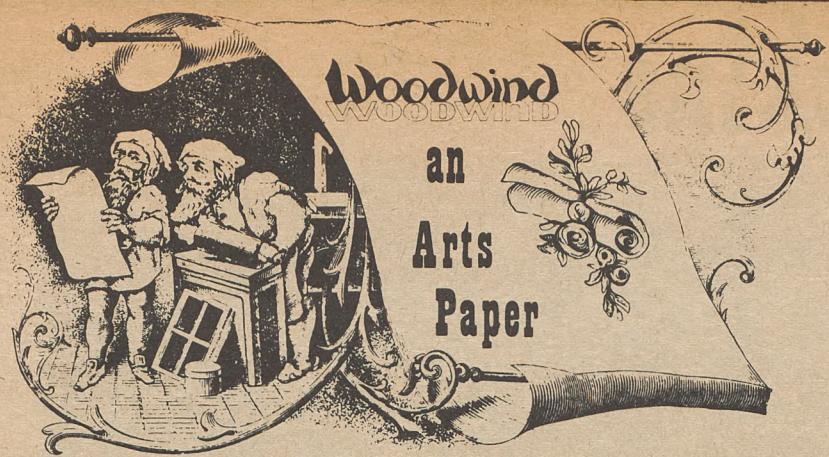
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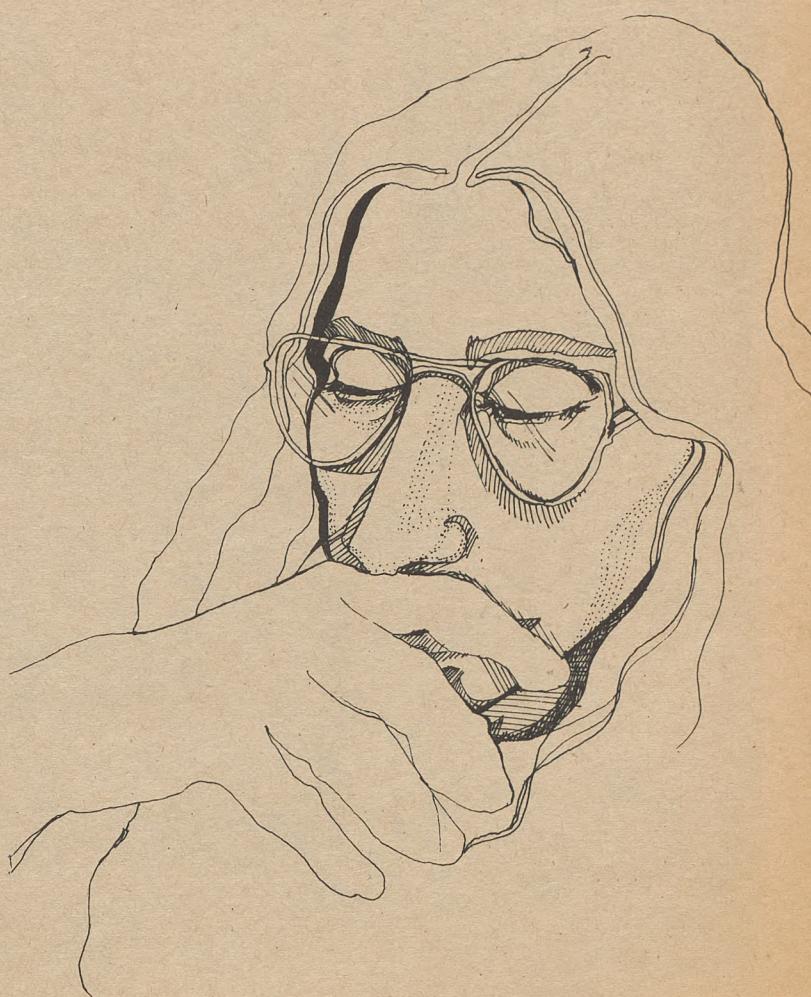
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PURLIE by Ossie Davis with Philip Rose
at the National Theatre

WITHOUT MUCH DEPTH AND WITHOUT MUCH OF THAT old reality, PURLIE is still a knockout of a musical, more vibrant and full of life than anything else around right now.

From the start, the play signals its positive and joyous view of life, by, of all things, taking us to a funeral. The funeral service is conducted by none other than Purlie himself, a love preaching black reverend who prepares to plant in the ground the body of Ol' Cap'n, the white plantation owner. The service is taking place in Big Bethel, one of the happiest barn-style black churches you can imagine, and the musical number that kicks off the evening is Walk Him Up The Stairs, one of the best openings in years.

The buryin' of Ol' Cap'n is our clue that everything will turn out all right for the next thing we know, Purlie shows up in the country shack where he was born with a plan to get \$500 inheritance of a girl who, unknown to the Cap'n, is dead. Purlie has brought a girl, Lutiebelle, to portray the dead girl and collect the money.

Everything goes through, but definitely not according to plan and there are dramatic reversals and conflicts that constantly promise to throw Purlie and Lutiebelle into jail, but you can count on Purlie or his middle name isn't Victorious.

The dynamite energies and skills of the black cast are breath taking. Robert Guillaume's Purlie roars through the play with talent and confidence, preaching and singing and telling a riveting story about the killing of Ol' Cap'n that must be counted an American theatre classic speech. Pattie Jo as Lutiebelle is a revelation, shifting from one voice to another as she falls in love with "Rev. Purlie", creating a myriad of presences in fleeting imitations of Purlie, Ol' Cap'n and "Miz Emmy Lou".

Sherman Hemsley's sly portrayal of Gitlow is solid achievement, commenting at all times on Gitlow's Uncle Tom manipulations of Ol' Cap'n, so that there is no doubting what he really thinks when he sings Negro spirituals to the Cap'n. "I live for the day when you'll sing that over my grave," says the Cap'n. "Me too, Ol' Cap'n", says Gitlow.

To list everyone by name is impossible, but the black chorus and dancers and Carol Jean Lewis as Missy are as strong as they can be, and the moody and unnecessary song, First Thing Monday Mornin' is so beautifully performed by the Cotton Pickers that one is really glad it's in the show.

The music in general is strong, though lyrically it is often reminiscent of LI'L ABNER, especially on Skinnin' a Cat, and the orchestrations are subtle with some very nice jazzy moments throughout.

PURLIE is a genial, liberal musical show, obviously a product of the early Civil Rights movement when Ossie Davis first wrote it as a straight play, but it may prove less acceptable to those who demand a stronger militancy in art. For one thing, I doubt that it would seriously offend many whites, even of the cracker school of conviction, unless the whole audience consisted of cracker whites.

The one other aspect of PURLIE that I should mention is the need it indicates for black critics in this and in the major newspapers. White critics can advise white audiences about black plays with some understanding of the white audience, but black points-of-view should be made much more available for black AND white audiences.

DAILY PLANET



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performance

ned chaillet

CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION by BERNARD SHAW
at the Opera House, Kennedy Center

SHAW REMAINS SHAW, and even minor Shaw is richer in entertainment and intention than the work of lesser playwrights. CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION, from 1899, is an early Shaw invention designed to flout the standing English convention of the well-made play, not by changes in form, but by directly countering the audience's expectations. Herein we find, not a heroine saved by a hero, but a hero saved by a heroine; in this play the institution of marriage is not the ideal to be desired, but a trap which, fortunately for all concerned, is avoided. Working in the form, and proving that it works just as well with all expectations reversed, Shaw helped prepare his own future audience as well as an audience for his theatrical mentor, Henrik Ibsen.

The remarkable thing, and the greatest testament to Shaw, is that the play holds up so well for a 1972 audience well removed from the expectations of an English audience in 1899. The play is set in Morocco and we are first introduced to the Christian missionary Rankin and his sole convert in 25 years, Drinkwater, an English "hooligan" become smuggler. Engaging, dishonest and clever, Drinkwater prepares us for the coming arrival of Sir Howard Hallam and Lady Cicely Waynflete and suggests to the good Reverend that Captain Brassbound be engaged to escort the pair into the interior. Naturally this comes about, and naturally, in this well-made play, a well-laid plan is revealed.

Brassbound, it transpires, is the son of Sir Howard's brother, forced to become a smuggler captain because Sir Howard refused to aid Brassbound's mother when the brother died. Sir Howard later took Brassbound's inheritance, and the journey to the Atlas Mountains turns out to be Brassbound's elaborate plot to have his uncle killed by Arabs. The unplanned presence of Lady Cicely turns out to make a difference in all parts of the plan. She intercedes with Brassbound on behalf of Sir Howard, convincing him to allow Sir Howard to live, she then barges herself to the Arabs to protect Sir Henry (she is, I'd better say, Sir Henry's sister-in-law). The U.S. Navy comes to the rescue, however, and all concerned are returned to Rev. Rankin's house, where Brassbound and his crew are jailed and a Court of Inquiry is held. Lady Cicely, once again, saves the day, this time for Brassbound and somehow a happy ending is wrought out of all this.

The play is rich in Shavian criticism, mostly of the English system of Justice which Sir Howard as Attorney General is brought to represent, and doubly rich in Shavian humor. Its revival is something of a phenomenon, since the purpose of the production is obviously to showcase the talents of Ingrid Bergman as Lady Cicely. Ingrid Bergman is, of course, lovely and abundantly talented, but she is not absolutely perfect in this part. So what happens here is that the play might have been better off with a more specifically English actress, but it wouldn't have been done, and more importantly I suppose, if it had been done, not nearly as many people would have gone to see it. Make no mistake, the audiences are there to see Ms. Bergman; so ultimately those of us who prefer Shaw must be slightly thankful that she chose to play the part.

Pernell Roberts portrays the part of Brassbound, somewhat stiffly and inhumanely at first, but ultimately with a warmth and presence that justifies his performance. Altogether, the staging is more accomplished than the acting, though Eric Berry is quite proper as Sir Howard and the whole thing works somehow. If Shaw interests you at all, you're unlikely to see a better production of this play for a long time.

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AN UNPLEASANT EVENING WITH H.L. MENCKEN
Adapted by Paul Shyre at Ford's Theatre

IT OCCURS TO ME that the popular theatre has been reincarnating so many figures in the last few years, beginning, probably, with Hal Holbrook's MARK TWAIN TONIGHT and most recently reviving H.L. Mencken for this world premiere at Ford's, that we're probably losing sight of comparable figures who are alive. At any rate, in just the last two years Will Rogers, through actor James Whitmore, has barnstormed the country, and Lenny Bruce, in Cliff Gorman's performance, has developed legions of New York fans, though Lenny Bruce alive was driven out of New York by the morally offended police.

H.L. Mencken, certainly, wouldn't have been entirely welcome everywhere in the country, and he had his detractors, I would say, among devout Christians and devout Southerners, but it seems very doubtful that actor David Wayne speaking Mencken's anti-social works can stir any of the deep reactions that a daily column by Mencken in the paper could. We've established a safe distance by letting Mencken die and Wayne is likely to receive few brickbats unless he performs Mencken badly, which he doesn't.

Now, consider what might happen if we could find a contemporary figure who posed the same power to fascinate and offend as Mencken or Lenny Bruce could do, what would the reaction at Ford's be? Obviously much deeper, obviously much more—shall I say?—dramatic. And where could we find such a person? Probably not in politics, George Wallace wouldn't do it and William Jennings Bryan is dead, but Bryan illustrates the point when you consider that the success of INHERIT THE WIND was the immensity of Bryan and Darrow in conflict.

But political entertainers might prove the point, if such serious and opposite figures as William Buckley and Dick Gregory can be recognized for their prime powers to entertain and engage. It seems unlikely to me that Ford's would ever consider itself free enough from governmental entanglements to invite Dick Gregory and/or Bill Buckley or Abbie Hoffman to prepare a production on the scale of the Mencken piece for a three week run. I admit that it is also difficult to imagine that any of them would accept the invitation. Though our political situation would obviously be much saner if such productions could be seriously considered. And, unfortunately, it is easy to imagine three years after their deaths such productions as DICK GREGORY FOR PRESIDENT and A NASTY EVENING WITH BILL BUCKLEY.

But what we do have at Ford's, in snippets of columns and writings spoken by David Wayne, are funny, satiric gibes at Methodists, patriots, Southerners and as many hypocrites of various sorts as Mencken wrote of that adaptor Paul Shyre could fit into the evening. The results are many funny lines and a largely unconnected evening. Though Mencken was very articulate in his dislikes, it is hard for me to believe that these mutterings of a dead man were still potent enough to distract the National Park Service into censorship, which is the story, though it is also said that the Park Service (which oversees Ford's) decided not to censor. It does distract me to think that the thought crossed some minds.

Wayne's performance, though not settled at the opening, was a largely effective creation, somewhat lower in key than it needed to be, but to me rather reminiscent of George Burns delivering a monologue. In fact, once the image struck me, I sorely missed Gracie Allen and I'm afraid that cigar smoking Mencken faded into the background, though his wit remained in the foreground.

The salutary effect of the performance is to make Mencken available; for myself, because of the performance, I expect to look up some of Mencken's writings. The suspicion remains that his writings are the best place to look for the man.

THE DEATH OF BESSIE SMITH

By Edward Albee at Theatre Lobby

I saw BESSIE SMITH at Theatre Lobby rather too early to see it work, so in view of the many problems that were visible in this production of Albee's fragmented political play (it dates from the Civil Rights Movement of the early 60s), I'll ignore it.

There are, however, two things of interest in the production. A biographical dramatic prologue precedes the play itself, simply and warmly giving the audience details about Bessie's life, and preparing us for the play, which too many audiences have been unprepared for. And there are two minutes or so of a film of Bessie Smith singing. The film itself is very strange, being a bar scene with a heavenly chorus or something singing behind Bessie, but every few moments we do see Bessie singing and moving while seated at the bar, and that's a very rare treat.

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I thought of life

man
his struggle for survival
and then swam harder
toward
shore

--Richard R. Steward

slip through your bones
if you hold them to the grave
Your weeping is just water
turning the ground to mud."

"I spent my life
holding these coins
Now I find
all that mattered
was the one-two sound of my heart
Give me death
in fear and sorrow
So I may once be one"

--Geoffrey Himes

The young man,
Sits beside his pueblo,
In the bright daylight.
His skin as dry,
And brown as earth.
He pauses from devouring
His mother,
To look up at his father.
A second later,
The sun hurts his eyes
And he finishes the ear of corn.

-Mountaingoat

August 23

walked awhile down
a walkway of
wooden planks held
together by
ancient sands and
rusty nails that
kids always stub their
toes on.

/they had told me this was a beach/

passed the state troopers'
dogs sniffing the
trash cans outside of
some sleezy mac's pizza
hut or whatever itwas
called then i passed a
melted orange
freeze.

/i had believed them/

there was a broken down
ferris wheel and a
man trying to sell twobit
balloons that popped as
soon as you got rooked
and also young girls with
eyeliner walking beside
hunks in surfshop shirts.

/certainly i had not made a wrong turn/

came upon the sand and
fought my way through endless
rows of terry cloth and
bronzing bodies and
then some oil slicks with
dead cat
fish.

/i must be getting nearer/

suddenly i felt coolness
on my feet then it
lapped over my ankles
and a white nosed life guard
waved at me i
gurgled and
went
under.

/i will have to send you a picture postcard/

Cynthia Richards

This is the Last Warning

The worm said to the rose,
"Turn your silk skirts away.
Your fresh flushed cheeks
make me stand straight
make me bury myself inside you.
I am falling in love.
I will fall upon you."

The poet is like a snake
rattling before he strikes.
This poem is meant for you.
This poem is the last
the final sublimation.

-Geoffrey Himes

Bar-Su

I think I would like the
20th Century whipper-gaunt
hammered prominently onto an exit sign
above a high arch-way

So its amorphous peachings
would go adrift on speeches in
a long not narrow but cluttered hall with
overhead florescent lights every nine feet
(a gentle-
ness is needed to dissipate
this young ambi-
tion)

At hungry times I could taste
the dirt that ties the lashes
in a classroom day-dream, or
the mucous that attends a newborn.

--Steven Stosny



books



CONFESIONS OF CHERUBINO by Bertha Harris
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1972, 211 pages, \$5.95,
hardvoc hardcover

Reviewed by Judy Willis

"I am Ellen, describing the self I have become. I am also Ellen who is describing Margaret. I have her now, as I have myself now, the way we are now: and I am holding us up and together, pushing us through hot sun to my house where my family, my lovers, my son, friends are clustered in their various sounds, sounds that Margaret and I are rejoining, will add to, will modify and make our own: song, piano notes, the glider's metal screech, sucking, the paintbrush's slap, a gasp for breath, more screaming. I have her now, taking her home the way she is now; but this is the way I was and she was."

That is the first paragraph of Bertha Harris's second novel. I put it at the beginning because it is her use of words, her writing, that makes this novel exquisite. Later on I'm liable to get so entangled in the intricacies of the subject matter that I'll forget all about telling you that it's the words which are beautiful, the words moving through sentences in Southern rhythm — that low, punctuated rhythm of Bertha Harris's North Carolina. Or at least how I imagine that rhythm because I've never been further south than Norfolk, and that was just one night on a riverboat during a high school field trip. They piled us all in the boat so they could keep an eye on us, because whenever they let high school kids stay in a hotel, the girls used to start running in and out of the rooms and up and down the back stairs in their slips. Do you remember slips?

The novel ends where it begins, but before that it flashes back to the day in college when Ellen told Margaret that she, Ellen, was loved by someone. The someone turns out to be Sanctissima, an aging lesbian who teaches music (or is it physical education — she was wearing holy red sneakers), and who makes love to her student Ellen in the bushes. Margaret is jealous of Sanctissima, for she and Ellen have loved each other, and have been fated to be lovers forever, since they were children and played "Cherubino" (as in the MARRIAGE OF FIGARO) with Ellen's mother, May-Ellen.

"...every afternoon, for so many afternoons, Ellen would, then Margaret would, then May-Ellen would... get inside the Cherubino costume and the other two would become the Countess and Sussanna and all the other roles; and, while the music spun and scratched off the thick old 78's, they would play the sly scenes over and over. . . . When Roger got home at five o'clock, he would find his wife and daughter and the girl friend lined up on the piano bench, all in their ordinary clothes. . . ."

But although Ellen is loved by Sanctissima, there is a vigorous hate in Ellen's love for her. And although Ellen also loves Venusberg — wall-eyed daughter of Ellen's father and America, Ellen's family's good-nigger-turned-Black-power-advocate-in-residence — and though Ellen has a wall-eyed, red-haired son by a nameless AWOL soldier (or is it Venusberg?), still Ellen's love for Margaret abides.

There's a big temptation to psychoanalyze the situation, so that's what I'll do. Not because I think it either wise or necessary, but just to prove to you all that I know all about that stuff.

Ellen comes from a Southern family that is delightfully decadent, a word I use hesitantly because nothing is decadent anymore but that's how I think of it which makes me the one who's decadent. My favorite member of the family is Ellen's grandmother, Miss Nina, who reads Proust and has sex on her senile brain. Miss Nina sleeps naked, pees out the window, and "stopped wearing underwear in 1947." Then there's Ellen's gay uncle and his lover, Beloved, who bubblebathe and room

together across the hall. And Ellen's mother who dresses as a man dressed in drag (Cherubino) and who teaches her daughter and her daughter's friend to do likewise while concealing the role-switching from her husband, Roger. Roger appears to have been the only straight one in the family, but he dies early in the novel, about 21 years after he has fathered both Ellen and Venusberg. The half-sisters become lovers, combining the twin virtues of incest and homosexuality.

A Freudian analysis of Ellen would show her to have a sexual identity problem. When her mother phones after her father's unexpected death, Ellen thinks:

"This woman. . . was a crazy woman, calling a strange girl long-distance to say odd, personal things to an imaginary daughter. It's best to humor such women, fake a childish love for them until the men can come in their wagon and carry her off to some padded room that's safe for such fantasy. It was only yesterday, Ellen realized, that she stopped having a mother."



BERTHA HARRIS

Yesterday was the day Sanctissima and Ellen became lovers, meaning what? That Ellen no longer viewed older women as mothers, but as lovers? That, having loved a woman, Ellen no longer needed a mother? Or that she could no longer identify with her mother? You choose.

When Ellen returns home after the death of her father, she believes that he is resurrected in her as she puts on his boots, britches, and cape which she has inherited. She and her father, who was a maleman, co-habit her body for one night while he takes her on a tour of the houses of the women to whom he delivered other goodies along with the mail. At dawn Roger must painfully go "back to hell to be the devil's mistress time without end to pay for all the beds that went before now. . . ."

Ellen's mother does not function for her as a mother figure either when she receives that phone call in her dorm or later, when she discovers she is pregnant. Instead, she turns to America, Venusberg's mother, for help. Ultimately, though, her identification with her father is the stronger, and even America says that Ellen's father is not dead, but is resurrected in Ellen.

To Margaret, too, Ellen is the "voice of resurrection." Ellen is rebirth, hope. Margaret is insanity, desperation. Margaret and Ellen are two reactions to the same predicament. Maybe every reader should project her own unfavorite predicament. In the context of the novel, mine is a daughter's being unable to identify with her mother, and desperately searching for — but being unable to find — a woman who can be her ego ideal because all women hide their real Cherubinos from the man. At the same time, Ellen realizes that identifying with the man won't work either.

Looking at Margaret, Ellen thinks:

"...the same thing that had made her tired and drab, hurt and grief-stricken, overwhelmed half the time with joy, all the time with reality, had turned dear Margaret into a complete looney-bin. The thing was neither loveless sex nor sexual love but something that grew between the two. . . . The thing that had brought Ellen to consciousness had driven Margaret mad. Ellen wondered who it was that Margaret had loved at such a pitch that it had made her crazy. Then, so exhausted that the fact brought on no shock, she saw that it was herself that Margaret loved, insanely."

The conflict — or is it love? — which has driven Margaret insane has given Ellen new life. Reborn, Ellen is able to love. That she prefers as a lover another woman may be a statement of Bertha Harris's personal preference, or may be a statement of her politics. Whichever, it is difficult for straight (today, anyway) me to deal with.

The problem, which has been stated and restated in feminist literature, is if you are a woman who places intellectual value on herself, with whom do you identify in a society in which intellectual prowess is a male-linked characteristic? Do you identify with men — even unto sexual preference?

I can hear all the lesbians yelling at me how that their sexual preferences are not a result of their identifying with men; that, in fact, they, lesbians, are truly woman-identified women, and that I, a straight woman, certainly am not a woman identified woman because I accept man's definition of myself as an object for male sexual desire. But, then, would they prefer that I accept myself as an object of woman's sexual desire? And, if so, whose boots does that put them in?

I think lesbianism is an evasion of the problem, except in cases where it is a true sexual preference and not a political stance. And I think that, as a political stance, it is of value in the same way that Black separatism is of value to Black liberationists. But to imply or to say directly that the only way for a woman to liberate herself is to have only women as lovers is to be as oppressive as men who demand that all women have only men as lovers.

My current theory is that in a society truly unrestricted by arbitrary taboos, bisexuality would be the norm, and, for physiological reasons, would probably be more the norm for women than for men. Also, from the point of view of a world which is about to overpopulate itself, it might also be practical for the individual and beneficial to society.

Personally, though, I can't handle it yet.

Like I told you, I know about all that stuff. But I don't think it's the most important thing in appraising CONFESIONS OF CHERUBINO. What's important that Bertha Harris has rendered America as a Black woman, and has given us in Ellen, a woman who is the resurrection and the life. And what's equally important, is that instead of saying I wish I could write like William Faulkner, I am now able to say I wish I could write like Bertha Harris.

music



Susan C. Cohn

Ottmar Borwitzky, principal cellist of the Berlin Philharmonic, playing at the Northern Virginia Community College in Annandale is a mind-blowing idea, but he did appear there the evening of March 13th, and his recital was as exciting as one could hope.

The program opened with "Sonata I" by Bohuslav Martinu, a Bohemian composer of the first half of the 20th Century. Martinu's music is characterized by an ongoing excitement growing from intricate syncopated rhythms and bright chord clusters. Borwitzky was assisted here by the fine pianist, Wolfgang Kaiser, who made the work more of a duet than a solo sonata. Borwitzky's playing was authoritative with an exceptionally forceful lower register (a cello's lower tones sometimes become submerged) and a marvelous percolating rhythm throughout. Robert Schumann's "Adagio and Allegro, Op. 70" gave Borwitzky a chance to show his facility for lovely legato lines and fine cello playing in the Romantic tradition, but it was in the "Sixth Sonata" by Richard Strauss (of Zarathustra and Salome fame) that Mr. Borwitzky captured the essence of the late Romantic spirit. His technique is amazing, his pitch precise, his bowing never muddy, even with quick passages for the sluggish, lower strings. The second movement of the sonata was mature and introspective, the third, in contrast, was light and dancelike. The almost-full audience was very enthusiastic, and they succeeded in inducing the cellist to play the Prelude of a suite by Eccles, an early Eighteenth Century Englishman, before the exhausted Mr. Borwitzky could leave. He will continue his tour of the U.S. This area was fortunate that he stopped off for a moment at NVCC.

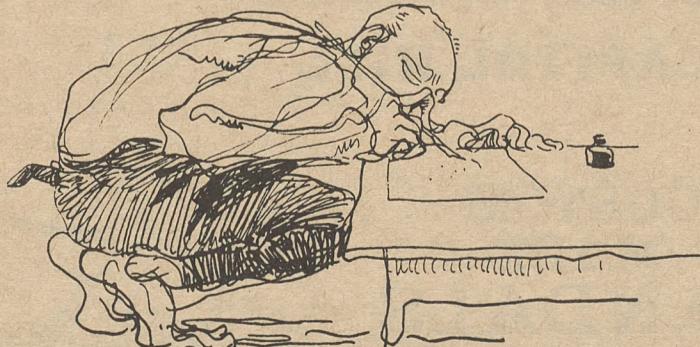


I think I might have enjoyed Jeffrey Siegal's piano recital on March 12 at the Kennedy Center if the man next to me hadn't fallen asleep shortly after the program started and spent the whole first half of the program breathing quite audibly. Not that I blamed him though: Mr. Siegal's program was one that required exacting interpretation, appealing more to the intellect than to the senses.

The soporific first half opened with a beautifully played Allegretto in C minor by Schubert. Siegal's touch was delicate, every note clear. The Bach Toccata in D major that followed was likewise clear, but colorless; only the marvel of the notes made it worth a listen. Schumann's "Fantasiestucke," Opus 12, was technically correct, but lackluster, and this dullness was fatal in a work of this length.

Siegel chose sets of dances to balance his program. The first collection was Four Mazurkas, Op. 50, by Karol Szymanowski (1882 - 1937), dedicated to Artur Rubenstein, a fellow Pole. These mazurkas are not in the tradition of Chopin, nor do they point to the music of Penderecki, but rather sound like a cross between Ravel and Shostakovich with their hazy tonality. The second dance of this program, "Dumka," by Tchaikovsky, is a rarely-played piece that rises to a frantic height, then subsides to bitter reality. The final dances were by Bartok, two Roumanian dances and a bagatelle, early pieces in folk-like melodies and rhythms. All of these dances were well-played, technically brilliant, but any technically competent pianist could have carried them off. Yes, the fingering was nice; I just wasn't turned on by much else.

•Editing •Writing •Layout •Proofreading



**Judith Willis
Editorial Services**

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workin

Mike Hogan

The inevitable March winds seem to be blowing a virtual spectrum of musical samplings thru the area, providing at least one evening of listening pleasure for those with selective interests and promising to be an exciting dot-to-dot drawing of a month for those bodies sophisticated enough to have an ear in every pie.

Since there's no harm in it we'd like to suggest that the month began at Constitution Hall the evening of February 29th in the company of two old friends, Jackson Browne and Joni Mitchell.

Jackson, who's an honest-to-goodness been-around-a-long-timer, switched from guitar to piano and back again doing tunes from his new album and even drifted back to days of old to render his own version of "These Days". His set was informal and he seemed comfortable in front of what must've been his largest audience to date as the crowd responded to his performance with warm enthusiasm and a degree of familiarity that surprised a few who thought Jackson Browne was their little secret.

Joni, dressed in a long-sleeved, plain blue gown, emphasized the merits of an excellent sound system as her vocals and dulcimer, guitar, and piano, all acoustic, came thru exceptionally well. She mixed a lot of new tunes in with songs chosen from her albums as well as a few audience requests which, when all strung together, formed a lengthy pearl necklace of a concert. And when the time came for good-byes she invited everyone to help her close with "The Circle Game." Needless to say, it was a concert of matchless silken beauty.

The third and fourth of March lived musically, if only on something less than a stellar level, at G. U.'s Gaston Hall where was presented Jackie Lomax & John Hartford and Emmy Lou Harris & Buffy Sainte-Marie respectively. Those two shows were reviewed in the last issue so they exist here as slightly less than honorable mention.

A special treat for jazz fans was Archie Shepp's performance at Howard U.'s Crampton Auditorium March 11th before a scant, but spirited crowd and from the outset it was apparent that the faith of the faithful was justified. Shepp's set was preceded by a group called Zulu Nation whose two hornmen did some very flowing blowing together and made us anxious to hear them on record.

After a long delay, made even more painful by some pseudo-creative, but definitely boring "jazz" dancing, Shepp and his cohorts took the stage and maneuvered thru their various paces. While Shepp's horn work was obviously the main attraction, highlights like Charles McKeever's fantastic flights on the trumpet and the keyboard finesse of Walter Davis brought ecstatic ovations from the enthusiastic audience.

We deliberately missed the Alice Cooper show at the Alexandria Roller Rink March 12th because A. C. has now been in the area four times in what could easily be called too short a time span and, although we like the group, we're just plain tired of seeing them every two months. But we did wonder to a friend on why a group that filled Baltimore's Civic Center on their last visit would submit to playing the Roller Rink again. To this was answered that the group feels Barry Richards is responsible for their popularity here. Unfortunately that's true, but it's typical of Richards to take advantage of that position to make the proverbial quick buck, not to mention what overexposure does to groups.

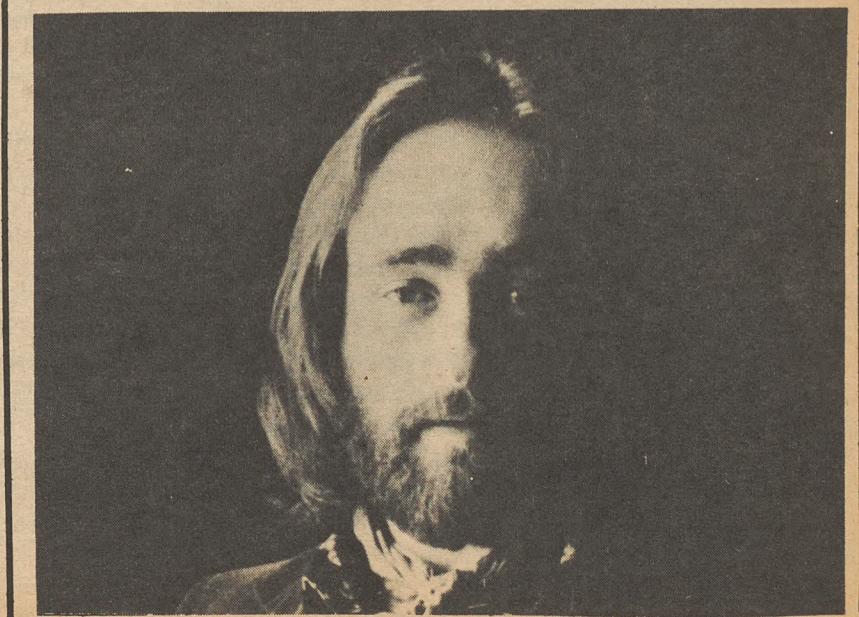
March 19th we went to Catholic U. to sit on the back porch with Taj Mahal, and a mellow time it was too. Performing solo, he opened with a Kalimba (African thumb piano) instrumental just pretty enough to float your soul. He followed that with "Eighteen Hammers" and "Good Mornin' Little Schoolgirl." After a bit of urging, Taj had the audience singing the chorus for him on "Sweet Home Chicago" and two songs later he slipped into "Snow In The Desert" and "Fishin' Blues" after which he finished up with a not-so-hot banjo instrumental. The applause brought on an encore of an a cappella "Shake 'em On Down" and the first part of an evening that started on shaky footing soundwise came to a pause.

The second part of the evening continued to develop nicely as Dave Mason opened with "Pearly Queen" and "You Can All Join In" before cutting into the Elmore James standard, "Dust My Broom." As expected, he built his set around old familiaries like "Sad And Deep As You," "Only You Know," and "Feelin' Alright." but when he returned for an encore, he went even farther back, into Steve Winwood's early days, and came up with "Gimmie Some Lovin'."

Occasionally parts of Mason's band drowned out another part, like sometimes the piano couldn't be heard, but for the price and caliber of performance, Dave Mason, and especially Taj Mahal, made the evening a twofold pleasure and one of the better concerts this year.

Another show we're looking forward to despite apprehensions about it being at the Alexandria Roller Rink, is King Crimson on the bill with Humble Pie, this coming Sunday. We shudder to think how bad they could sound with the Rink's acoustics but if the sound people can get things together, it could be well worthwhile to see these two quite contrasting groups. We can only hope for the best.

DAVE MASON



THE EMERGENCE OF THE REEKERS/ OR : KEEPIN' ON KEEPIN' ON

by William Holland

I "You ask why I don't live here; Honey why don't you move"

Certainly it was a portentous gig, that little secret affair last March 4th when the Reekers decided to get out and play some music. Could have even called it the most anticipated band debut in rock-culture Washington in a few years. Oh, it was not very adventuresome, and they hadn't practiced most of the old songs twice, but my, they sure could rock and roll! The Reekers promise to be as funky and as pervasive as their name.

Joe Triplett, Tom Guernsey and Mike Henley, plus the secret rhythm section of the night—the penultimate local rock and roll band, a real-lotta-dues-paid phoenix born of the ashes of the Claude Jones band, as well as the Quarrymen (d.1965), the famous Hangmen (b.1966-d.1967), as well as the bands of the secret rhythm section, the most current being, hey, hey, nationally famous and all. Yeah, Claude Jones (b.1969-d.1971), that talented bunch of motties who kept their collective raggedy asses flying in the breeze for three years before floundering, "wondering which way to go."

II "Sometime you gonna get what you want..."

So, anyway, about the evening. It wasn't really a debut, see, and that's why the boys decided for a bunch that wouldn't know Claude Jones from Spike Jones, Tom Guernsey from Tom Holstein.

The evening of good ole' rock and roll took place deep inside a granite, French-classical style building with big windows with Romanesque arches through which outsiders could easily dig on the fancy chandeliers, the carpet, the men and women in the front room dressed to the hilt and the banquet tables and the hired bartenders dumping Scotch and gin and...

Wait a minute! This joint was once the premises of da classiest furrier in furry, old-rich Northwest Washington and has been turned into — dig this — a poverty program contractor called Transcentury. That's right.

Now. Wait a minute Part Two: Transcentury's headquarters sits fat on the Northeast corner of 18th St. and Columbia Rd. Hoo Hah! All the poverty gladiator-eradicators Dukes and Duchesses showing up all evening in their big cars, their glad rags walking through their "program target" poor folks like... well, about the evening.

Back, way back in the storeroom of the ex-furriers, out lads are setting up. It's noticeably cooler in the back room, fuckin' freezin' matter of fact. Some official won't let the boys close the open door because he is figuring that things will get smoky and hot when the poverty partiers stroll on back.

The walls are white and on them some neato day-glo drawings have been painted. But the lights are still on. I mean on, Jack. The power of all those florescents in the ceiling are making all the whites in the room look chartreuse and the blacks have a strange cardboard buff grey cast to them. Bracchh! Turn off the lights!

Well, before they do, let's take a look at the secret rhythm section for the night, those two squinting from the light and doing a last minute check with their equipment. Drummer's got a single bass set up that's got to be 20 years old, maybe older; bassman's got a huge cabinet that could blow a stadium down. But they're both putting around real quiet. No inexperienced loudness trips going on. Just setting up to play some old rock and roll, just for the night, while they're off the road. Bob Gordon and Bob Berberich of Grin, perhaps the best rock and roll rhythm section in town.

Right before the lights go down, the boys look kinda nervous, not because they're worried but because they want to begin playing. Henley, mellow as usual, is bitching about his Wurlitzer with a smile on his face. But Triplett and Guernsey are really itchy.

"C'mon, let's get it on!"

"My fingers," Guernsey moans to himself, stiffly flexing his numb fingers in front of his face.

The lights go down and they jump into it at once: Tell Me Why, Things We Said Today, Steppin' Stone, One Night With You, Mama Tried, Ubangi Stomp... then a new song by Triplett, as yet untitled... then back in for some more. Berberich sings a few Hank Williams songs, strumming real mournful on an acoustic guitar while Triplett keeps time on drums and the crowd...

Well, they weren't really expecting this, er, um, kind of music. Some want Sly or the Temps and the others probably vary from Frankie Laine to Three Dog Night. But it must be said: Within a few songs, everybody got into music. Just old rock and roll, folks. So the pov biz crowd rocks and rolls as best it can to Roll O eethoven, Louie (oh no!) Louie, California Sun and a host of others. Good f too, especially considering The Reekers are whispering in between each song: "What key?," "Is it in A?," "After the chorus, just riff in G, then..." and so on. But they all know the songs, some of them are five year old warhorses and shit, man, Gordon and Berberich could play tight if they were three sheets to the wind... which, of course, they were, with Triplett running a close two and a half.

"I really enjoyed that man, I haven't had such fun in a long time" said Gordon to Henley afterwards. Everybody smiling, chuckling over missed chords and muffed riffs. But it was goooood, son! So be forewarned: Watch out for the Reekers... Their sonhistogrease gonna cut you down!



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BRUCE ROSENSTEIN

RICHARD HARRINGTON

AMERICA - (Warner Brothers) -

It was 5:30 in the cold, grey afternoon, and the sixth floor of the dormitory was devoid of any activity, most of its residents being in the cafeteria having their dinner. David fluffed his key through the opening in the door of his room, and saw his roommate Jeff lying on the bed. "Shit," David loudly exclaimed, not particularly addressing Jeff. "That god damn rush hour traffic. It really pisses me off." "Where did you go?", Jeff asked, getting up to turn off the radio, not actually caring if he received an answer. "Down to the record store to buy an album," David said, sitting on his bed, removing his denim jacket and tossing it across the back of his desk chair. He resumed his lecture; "And you can't even find a fucking parking space on the campus," he yelled as he yanked his sneakers off and threw them under the bed. "Then why do you even have a car? You don't need it!" "Fuck off!" was David's reply, and he ripped the staples on the record store bag and lifted out his purchase.

"What album did you buy, schmuck?" "America, it's really outasight." "Well at least I won't have to hear you playing Bangladesh all the time."

"You've probably never even heard the god damn album," David said as he opened the plastic shrink-wrap and took the album out of the jacket, fingering the grooves with his smudgy fingers. "You really treat your albums well, David," Jeff offered, rolling a joint in hundred dollar bill papers. "And I have heard some of the album, and I don't really care for it." He finished rolling, and searched his desk for some matches. "Higher paying careers in Electronics!" the little white and green matchbook said, sitting atop Jeff's Economics book, and full too! "They're the ones who do the Neil Young imitation, aren't they?" He snickered and took a hit... "That's a great song, man," David answered as he reached for the joint. "Like it's a really great song." He took a long, thoughtful hit as he stared at the hospital green walls, with the wine bottles lined across the top of his bookshelf. "Sittin' by the riverside, takin' it all in my stride" came through the speakers. "Just listen to that man," David said after exhaling, "I haven't heard that one yet." He reached for the album cover and examined it. "Hey look, the guy in the middle has a flannel shirt just like mine!" Jeff tried to ignore him as he took a hit and stared out the window to the people down below. Finally he broke the silence. "Where did you hear about this album anyway?" David applied both his hands to his forehead and gently removed the hair dangling in his eyes. "My old lady's roommate has it, but I first heard "A Horse With No Name" on some Top 40 station in the car last week when my eight track was busted.

"Yeah, well I still think that "A Horse With No Name" sounds like the lead singer had a clothespin on his nose to sound like that. This all sounds like easy listening, it's anaesthetic music, man they could put you to sleep with it." David stretched himself across the bed, joint in hand. "Shit, man, you don't know somethin' good when you hear it.

R.H.

FANNY HILL - (Warner Brothers 2058)

Fanny, the first women's rock group of consequence, seems to have hit their stride in their third album. While their two previous albums had as many hits as misses, this collection is strong from start to finish. Nine of the eleven songs come from within the group, and they casually reflect the different personalities of the four women who comprise Fanny. Now, to begin with, I would rank Fanny as musically among the very best bands now working, an impression gotten from both this album and having seen them perform. They all started out as studio musicians, and that professional tightness, lacking in too many bands, is just one feature of their music. Alice de Buhr rates as one of the better drummers in the business and all four women stand to be envied by many musicians. Next, this is an album that is meant to be played loud. (Ain't no Karen Carpenter record, y'know.) There's a lot to boogie to, starting off with a fantastic version of the old Marvin Gaye hit "Ain't That Peculiar." But there is also a mellow side to Fanny, and the lyrics to many of the songs reflect their experiences both as musicians and as women. June Millington's "You've Got A Home" is particularly outstanding, a song about a woman raising a child by herself. But above all, this is a rocking, rollicking album, the kind that rarely holds up well on both sides. Fanny has yet to break the way they deserve, but this album is one hell of a push in the right direction.

R.H.

ISLE OF VIEW - Columbia C30988

Unlike most first albums featuring a new writer-performer, Jimmie Spheeris' album is filled with good songs, good arrangements and good feelings. Spheeris, who is part of a group of composer friends which also includes Laura Nyro and Jackson Browne, writes in a very flowing, Myro writes in a very flowing, Nyro-Kingish manner, yet avoids obvious repetitions of style. "Seeds of Spring" is perhaps the most derivative song, in the early Nyro vein: but it in no way obstructs the mystic intentions of many of the songs, several of which are inspired by ideas from STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND. On the first side, "The Nest," "Monte Luna" and "I Am The Mercury" constitute as lovely a trilogy as can be found in recent releases. The strength of this particular trio is their combination of poetry and evocative melody; as a matter of fact, five of the nine songs on the album work in the manner of waterfalls, cascading chords and smoothly pushing poetry into the listener's mind. What Spheeris writes in one song is also true of himself. . . he "brings the song of steeples/ ringing in my ear/ Quiet rain calls to all the people/ Rain to come and wash away the tears/. . . Let your heart ride a feather/ to a better time. . ." Part of such a time lies in this mellow album.

R.H.



Norman Blake and David Bromberg

DAVID BROMBERG - (Columbia)

Here is a case of a studio/back-up musician going out on his own and it definitely works. The album is richly down home, painfully bluesy, and expressive, warm, and funny. Bromberg is a great guitarist and while his voice isn't the best, it fits the material. He writes songs as if he were everything from a Delta farmer to a backwoods Kentuckian to a world travelling seaman. His years of gigging as a back-up musician, principally with Jerry Jeff Walker, shows up in the clarity and wit of his writing and sharpness of his guitar. The songs run the gamut of the stark, bitter blues "Pine Tree Woman," the tear-jerking "Dehlia" to the wistful, reflective "Sammy's Song," the mocking, good natured humor of "Suffer To Sing The Blues," to the catchy, hilarious, "The Holdup," which was co-written by George Harrison.

The accompaniment is always appropriate; "Pine Tree Woman" has just Bromberg's violent slide guitar, "Lonesome Dave's Lovesick Blues" gets some fiery fiddlin' from Vassar Clements and racy mandolin by Tut Taylor; "Dehlia," the mournful harp of Will Scarlett. B.R.

Above all, David Bromberg comes across as a warm human being and a first-rate musician and his songs are the kind that invite you to sit back and take it all in.

THE NORTH STAR GRASSMAN AND THE RAVENS - Sandy Denny - (A&M)

Sandy Denny continues the progression she has made since leaving Fairport Convention. She has done most of the songwriting here, and much of it recalls the best of her work with Fairport. The songs flow gently, her voice is as graceful and sure as ever. The best of the material is Sandy's "The Optimist" and "Late November," and the lovely traditional tune "Blackwaterside." The back-up musicians include members of her last group Fotheringay, and virtuoso guitarist Richard Thompson, who was also one of the producers of the LP. Richard's fluid guitar work is reason alone for having this album. Especially note his incredible playing on "Blackwaterside." It's still Sandy's album, though, and she not only gets into the types of music we know her for, but she also tries out a little rock, with Dylan's "Down In The Flood" and "Let's Jump The Broomstick" (which is rumored to be a Brenda Lee song.) For the past couple of years Sandy Denny has been the winner of the Melody Maker female vocalist polls, and it shouldn't be long before Sandy starts getting that kind of deserved recognition here.

B.R.

SMOKIN' - Humble Pie - (A&M)

It's always mystifies me why it took so long for Humble Pie to reach superstardom. It seemed that with their type of widely popular music, and their individual and collective prowess, that widespread recognition came long after it should.

What finally did it for them was their superb double, live album, ROCKIN' THE FILLMORE, and including SMOKIN' it is the best they have done. SMOKIN' is exactly what you would expect from the Pie, nothing more and nothing less. It's got Steve Marriott as its main asset; his booming guitar and incredible voice, the trademarks of the band. The addition of Dave Clempson on guitar to replace Peter Frampton seems to have little noticeable effect, the group still sounds the same and always would no matter who left except Marriott.

The songs are mainly gut level hard rock with Steve's guitar leading the way. There's an oldie, Eddie Cochran's "C'mon Everybody", the Motown tune "Road Runner", and "Hot'n'Nasty", (not Black Oak Arkansas' tune of the same title, and not as hot and nasty, either.)

I'm not trying to suggest a downward spiral for Humble Pie, it's just that they're not moving upwards. I still have the utmost respect for Marriott as a singer and the Pie as a band, but they've taken this particular style of rock about as far as it can go, and now may be the time for something new.

B.R.

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B.B. King

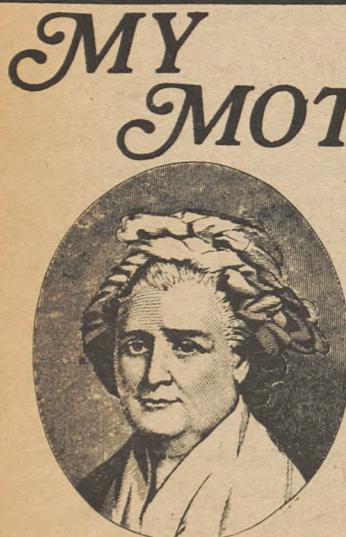
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March 24

FILMS

"Ramparts of Clay" (struggle of North African women) at the Community Bookshop; 8 P.M.; 50cents.

"National Football League Films" at the American Film Institute Theater; 8 P.M.

THEATRE

"Purlie" at National Theater; 7:30 P.M.; tickets-\$3.50 to \$11.00.

"Little Black Book" starring Dick Benjamin at the Kennedy Center (previews); 7:30 P.M.; tickets-\$4.00 to \$9.00.

"Sing Out Sweet Land" at Catholic University Hartke Theatre; 8:30 P.M.

"Captain Brassbound's Conversion" by Bernard Shaw at the Kennedy Center; 8:00 P.M.; tickets-\$3.00 to \$12.00.

"An Unpleasant Evening with H. L. Mencken" at Ford's Theatre; 7:30 P.M.; tickets-\$5.00 to \$7.00.

"Black Pepper" presented by Black Alley Theatre; 8:30 P.M.; tickets-\$2.00 and \$3.00.

"Uptight" at the Arena Stage; 8:00 P.M.; tickets-\$4.25 to \$6.25.

CONCERTS

Dion + Breakfast Again at the Cellar Door.

Richard Harris at Shady Grove Music Fair; 8:30 P.M.; tickets-\$4.50, \$5.00 and \$6.50.

James Brown at Loews Palace Theater; 8:00 P.M. and 12:00 P.M.; tickets-\$3.50 to \$5.00.

"Jazz" at Blues Alley in Georgetown

Kent State University Singers and Instrumentalists present "Music from the Medieval Era through the 20th Century" at Dahlgren Chapel, Georgetown University; 8:30 P.M.

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble at the Coolidge Auditorium; 8:30 P.M.; tickets-25 cents.

Gary Bartz & the NTU Troop at the Ritchie Coliseum; University of Maryland; 8:00 P.M.; tickets-\$1.50, \$2.00 at the door.

Arlington-St. Marks Dance Company-Concert performance at Kenmore Pub; 8:00 P.M.; tickets-\$1.25, \$2.50.

EVENTS

Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus at the Washington Coliseum; 8:30 P.M.; tickets-\$3.50, \$4.50, & \$5.50.

Washington Theater Club presents a group show of watercolors, serigraphs, and acrylics at the Showcase Gallery.

Mobile Recycling Unit at Wheaton Plaza, Georgia Avenue, Viers Mill Road and University Boulevard; Cash for Aluminum; 12 noon to 3 P.M.

Iguana Coffee House at Luther Place Church; 8:30 P.M. to 1:00 A.M. "Eureka" at the Smithsonian Puppet Theater; 10:30 A.M. & 11:30 A.M.; tickets-\$1.00 - \$1.25.

March 25

FILMS

"Downhill Racer" at the American Film Institute Theater; 8:00 P.M.

"My Night at Maude's" and "La Collectionneuse"

THEATRE

"Purlie"- matinee at 2:00 P.M. (see March 24th).

"Little Black Book"- matinee at 2:00 P.M. (see March 24th).

"Sing Out Sweet Land" (see March 24th).

"Captain Brassbound's Conversion": matinee at 2:00P.M. (see Mar. 24)

"An Unpleasant Evening with H. L. Mencken": shows at 6:30 P.M. & 9:30 P.M.; (see March 24th).

"Black Pepper" (see March 24th).

"Uptight" (see March 24th).

"Recuerdos Del Alma Espanola" presented by the Spanish Theatre Project of George Washington U. at the Marvin Theatre Center; 7 P.M.

CONCERTS

Dion + Breakfast Again at the Cellar Door.

Jazz at Blues Alley in Georgetown

James Brown (see March 24th).

Osipov Balalaika Orchestra at the Kennedy Center; 2:30 P.M. & 8:30 P.M.; tickets-\$1.00.

Music From Marlboro at the Smithsonian Institute; 5:30 P.M.

EVENTS

Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus (see March 24th).

Group show of watercolors, serigraphs, and acrylics (see Mar. 24th).

Antique Sale & Flea Market at the Hawthorne School; 10:00 A.M. to 7:00 P.M.

Iguana Coffee House at Luther Place Church; 8:30 P.M. to 12:00 mid.

Eureka: shows at 10:30 A.M., 12:30 P.M. and 2:30 P.M. (see Mar 24).

March 26

FILMS

"Casablanca"; also Ingrid Bergman in person at the American Film Institute Theater; 8:00 P.M.

"The Wanderer" and "The Two of Us" at Circle Theatre; tickets-\$1 & \$1.75.

THEATRE

"Purlie" (see Mar. 24).

"Sing Out Sweet Land"; shows at 2:30 P.M. and 7:30 P.M. (see Mar. 24th).

"Captain Brassbound's Conversion" (see Mar. 24th).

"An Unpleasant Evening with H. L. Mencken"; matinee at 3:00 P.M. (see Mar. 24th).

"Black Pepper" (see Mar. 24th).

"Uptight": show at 7:30 P.M.; (see Mar. 24th).



Singer-songwriter Carol Hall appears at the Cellar Door with Mickey Newberry March 27-April 1. Reservations 337-3389

calendar

THEATER

"Purlie" (see Mar. 24).

"Little Black Book"; matinee at 2:00 P.M. (see Mar. 24).

"Captain Brassbound's Conversion" (see Mar. 24).

"Black Pepper" (see Mar. 24).

"Uptight" (see Mar. 24).

CONCERTS

Mickey Newberry and Carol Hall at the Cellar Door

EVENTS

Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus (see Mar. 24).

Group show of watercolors, serigraphs, and acrylics (see Mar. 24).

Eureka (see Mar. 24).

March 31

FILMS

"Moment of Truths" at the American Film Institute Theatre; 8:00 P.M. "The Rise of Louis XIV" and La Ronde" at Circle Theatre: tickets-\$1.00 and \$1.75.

THEATRE

"Purlie" (see Mar. 24).

"Little Black Book" (see Mar. 24).

"Captain Brassbound's Conversion" (see Mar. 24).

"Black Pepper" (see Mar. 24).

"Uptight" (see Mar. 24).

CONCERTS

Mickey Newberry and Carol Hall at the Cellar Door.

"St. John's Passion" by J. S. Bach at the Kennedy Center; 8:30 P.M.; tickets \$1.00 to \$7.50.

EVENTS

"Core Arts Society" at the Kennedy Center; 8:30 P.M.: tickets- \$3.00 to \$6.00.

Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus (see Mar. 24).

Group show of watercolors, serigraphs, and acrylics (see Mar. 24).

Iguana Coffee House at the Luther Place Church; 8:30 P.M. to 1:00 A.M.

"Eureka" (see Mar. 24).

April 1

FILMS

"Berlin Olympiad-1963" at the American Film Institute Theatre; 8:00 P.M.

"The Rise Of Louis XIV" & "La Ronde" (see Mar.31).

THEATRE

"Purlie"-matinee at 2:00 P.M. (see Mar. 24).

"Little Black Book"-matinee at 2:00 P.M. (see Mar. 24).

"Godspell" at Ford's Theatre; 6:30 P.M. & 9:30; tickets-\$3.00 -\$7.50.

"Captain Brassbound's Conversion"; matinee at 2:00 P.M. (see Mar. 24).

"Black Pepper" (see Mar. 24).

"Uptight" (see Mar. 24).

CONCERTS

Tom Rush at the Kennedy Center; 8:30 P.M.; tickets- \$5.00 & \$6.00.

Mickey Newberry and Carol Hall at the Cellar Door.

Saddler & Young at Shady Grove Music Fair.

April 2

FILMS

"A.K.A. Cassius Clay" at the American Film Institute ; 8:00 P.M.

"Battle of Algiers" and "La Guerre Est Finie" at Circle Theatre; tickets \$1.00 & \$1.75.

THEATRE

"Purlie" (see Mar 24).

"Godspell" matinee at 3:00 P.M. (see Apr. 1).

"Black Pepper" (see Mar. 24).

"Uptight" (see Mar. 24).

CONCERTS

Sea Train at the Kennedy Center; 8:30 P.M., tickets \$4.00 & \$5.00.

Hootenanny at the Cellar Door.

EVENTS

Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus (see Mar. 24).

Group show of watercolors, serigraphs, and acrylics (see Mar. 24).

Eureka-shows at 10:30 A.M., 12:30 P.M., & 2:30 P.M. (see Mar. 24).

April 3

FILM

"Battle of Algiers" and "La Guerre Est Finie" (see Apr. 2).

THEATRE

"Purlie" (see Mar. 24).

"Little Black Book" (see Mar. 24).

CONCERTS

James Cotton Blues Band at the Cellar Door.

EVENTS

Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus (see Mar. 24).

Group show of watercolors, serigraphs, and acrylics (see Mar. 24).

April 4

FILMS

"The Red and the Black" and "Forbidden Games" at Circle Theatre; tickets \$1.00 & \$1.75.

THEATRE

"Purlie" (see Mar. 24).

"Little Black Book" (see Mar. 24).

"Godspell" at 7:30 P.M. (see Apr. 1).

"Romeo and Juliet" by Folger Theatre Group at Folger Library; 8:00 P.M.

"Uptight" (see Mar. 24).

CONCERTS

James Cotton Blues Band at the Cellar Door.

EVENTS

Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus (see Mar. 24).

Group show of watercolors, serigraphs, and acrylics (see Mar. 24).

"Swan Lake" by the American Ballet at the Kennedy Center; 8:00 P.M.; tickets-\$4.00 to \$10.00.



"The Hustler" at AFI, Thursday, March 30, 8 p.m.
Stars Jackie Gleason as Fats, George C. Scott and Paul Newman.

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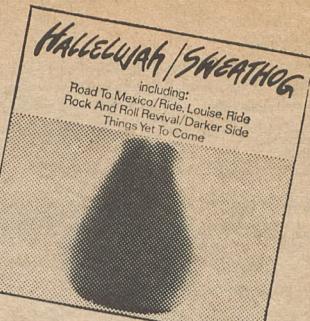
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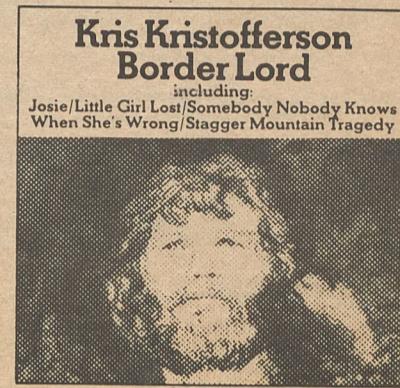
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